VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, OCTOBER 19, 1905. NUMBER 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Let Us Take Leave of Haste

Let us take leave of haste awhile,
And loiter well content
With little pleasure to beguile,
And small habiliment—

Just a wide sweep of rain-washed sky,
A flower, a bird-note sweet;
Some easy trappings worn awry;
Loose latches for our feet.

A wheaten loaf within our scrip;
For drink the hillside spring,
And for true heart companionship
The love of loitering.

We want so much, and yet we need
So very slight a store,
But in the age's grip of greed
We hurry more and more.

The woodland weaves its gold-green net;
The warm wind lazes by;
Can we forego? can we forget?
Come, comrade, let us try!

—*Clinton Scollard in The Outlook.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1905. NUMBER 7

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God. —*Jean Ingelow.*

There will be an unique dedication at Winnipeg this month when an Icelandic congregation will dedicate an Unitarian church. This is the cathedral church of an Icelandic brotherhood in that far northwest country.

It is a startling revealment, if the *Youth's Companion* is correct, that seventy years have elapsed since England has had a royal commission to inquire into the workings of the English poor-law. Surely the new commission now appointed ought to find many things to change in the laws and to cheer in the work.

The next inevitable book on Lincoln promises to be a boys' life of Lincoln. It is first to appear in *St. Nicholas,* to be written by Mrs. Helen Nicolay, whose father was joint laborer with John Hay in producing the monumental ten-volume life of Lincoln. There can never be too many books on Lincoln. UNITY reiterates the oft expressed opinion that there are better and worse biographies but that there has never been written a poor biography of Lincoln. The subject is too great.

In these days of hurried reading and too many books it is a contribution to culture to come upon the verdict of so competent a critic as Professor Paul Shorey concerning "the most readable of the ancients." In the current number of the *Dial* Professor Shorey hazards the opinion that "the best English book of the year may well prove to be Mr. and Mrs. Fowler's most readable translation of the most readable of the ancients, 'Lucian.'" (4 vols. Oxford University Press.) With such commendation one is tempted to drop the current novel, to allow his membership in the magazine club to lapse, and turn to and read these new old books.

Our neighbor, Graham Taylor, has made a brave fight for the maintenance of the *"Commons."* For ten years the little monthly has been issued in the interest of civic betterment and corporate ethics, but at last he has had to capitulate. One more paper has ceased to exist on account of its excellence. Chicago was not ready to support such a high venture. It is not a case of death but of transmigration. Henceforth it will be *"Charities and the Commons,"* published in New York City. At the office of the *"Commons"* we hope that the Chicago end at 1001 Monadnock Building will still continue to be a factor in the life of the combined paper, as certainly Graham Taylor will continue to be, with or without an organ. We are glad that the New York magazine is to have a touch of Chicago life.

A poor woman in the state of Illinois the other day took herself and her seven children out of the world. The tragedy was too crushing for the helpless well-meaning father to withstand and in a few days he followed after his family. The poor little mother was but thirty-five years of age; she had been married but eight years and she had seven children. The father was a poor farm hand. Well does the *Chicago Evening Post* speak of this woman as a "burden-bearer." It is the other side of the race suicide problem. Maternity is sacred, parentage is holy, but maternity is not wholly a physical fact. There must be an investment of mind, of joy, of spiritual control in true motherhood. There is need of more sense, which is the common people's word for "science," in regard to this all-important burden-bearing problem.

The inter-church federation committee is just now enjoying an uncomfortable notoriety and the coming meeting has an unpleasant introduction. The Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, etc., need not be distressed; their cause is being pleaded for them; they have wrought mightily, though unwittingly, for the good things they stand for. The doorkeepers of the federation may stand by their tasks valiantly. Their trouble will be, though, not to keep folks out but to keep folks in. There will be no rush from the without but they may well look for a stampede from the within. Many of those who find themselves within at this congress will take pains never to be tricked again into a half-hearted federation. It may be difficult in these days to live up to the open standards of a free fellowship but it is more difficult to live down to the closed standard of a restricted fellowship.

Last Sunday was a triumphant day for Sinai Congregation in Chicago; it was the silver wedding of minister and people. Dr. Hirsch rounded out his twenty-five years amid flowers and music, oratory and the congratulations beaming in the upturned faces of the multitude. Dr. Hirsch has wrought well for Judaism in Chicago. Of this fact Judaism has proved

itself appreciative, but Dr. Hirsch has also wrought well for Chicago. He has been a spokesman for the integrities, a valiant defender of independency in politics as well as in religion. He has stood for sanity and sanitation in education, in charity and in reform. To an exceptional degree he has combined the scholar and the popular orator. He is one of the few men in the American pulpit who can "talk like a book" and still hold the multitude. UNITY extends to Dr. Hirsch heartiest congratulations and brotherly greeting and rejoices that the good work done is an earnest of much good work to be done.

UNITY household mourns the recent deaths of two venerable friends, readers and patrons of UNITY from the start. Anthony Sawyer, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Bureau county in the state of Illinois, came here from his Massachusetts home in 1838 and he lived the life of an intelligent, public-spirited farmer, in one house, for fifty-six years. He died in the eighty-ninth year of his age, and the frequent missives, written with a trembling hand, bearing cheer and support, will be missed at this office. George W. Bemis, of Independence, Iowa, was another pioneer who in the seventy-ninth year of his age has closed a life of peculiar public service. For about fifty years he was a true servant of the public, seldom without public trust. Whether as representative in the lower or upper house of the legislature, as state treasurer or guardian of Iowa's dependent wards, he was always faithful and ever a friend of things progressive. He and his noble wife, who preceded him some years, were valiant champions of the slave, the disfranchised woman and the heretical doctrine. He was the foe of narrowness; the friend of progress.

A Chicago daily interviewed a number of citizens last week as to the best remedy for these corruptions in life insurance companies. One answer was, "Publicity, government control, and, better yet, government insurance." And why not? New South Wales and Victoria have successfully established their system of old age pensions. Our government pays millions of millions of dollars each year in order to ease the old soldiers out of the world. The system is not wisely managed; thousands of men receive their pensions to their injury; thousands of others receive pensions which they have poorly earned, for it is an open secret that those "who fought and ran away" have lived to fight for a pension. The soldier pension in theory is right, but the implication that only those who have served the nation on the battle field deserve well at its hands is a stupendous fallacy. If the well meaning money of the insured, which has been so misused by the companies in which they have been confiding, had been entrusted to the government for a return in old age or at death on a safe scientific basis, it could not have been worse; it might be much better than things now are. The government has its faults but it is safer than private ventures. Give us first a government savings bank and a great step will have been taken towards government insurance.

The recent terrible revealments of financial corruption in Milwaukee, Peoria and the life insurance companies of New York should set us thinking anew upon the quality of the civilization of which we boast and the power of the religion which we profess. Admitting that the individual center, the personal degeneracy are to be accounted for on the ground of the weakness of human nature, the power and probability of sin in any individual, now as always the fact that these far-reaching crimes have been possible under the very eyes and within the knowledge of respectable boards of bank directors, school trustees and government commissioners prove a lax public spirit, a low standard of official efficiency, a criminal tendency to enjoy life, a wicked complacency, only so good fellowship, social cheer and sumptuous living be not interfered with. All these shocking disclosures emphasize anew that there is an element of austerity in ethics. The simple life with its severe disciplines alone gives spiritual power and ethical dignity to the community as well as to the individual. Yea, verily, the Nazarene's words are as pertinent today as when they were uttered—"It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Riches in the abstract may be no incumbrance, but the conditions under which great fortunes can be amassed are in the main prohibitive to the sensitive conscience, the spiritually-minded and the benignantly-handed men and women.

The Canteen Again.

The military officers seem to be almost unanimous in their desire to restore the canteen as a regular institution in the camps of the United States army. The canteen is a modern invention in the United States army. It was unknown on either side in the great war for the preservation of the union. This modern invention puts the United States government into the liquor business. It undertakes to provide the soldiers with their "necessary beer," and under certain restrictions, with distilled drinks. This liquor business is supposed to be carried on always under the supervision of a non-commissioned officer and the profits of the traffic are supposed to be used in the enriching of the bill of fare, increasing the hospital fund, or in some other way adding to the comfort of the soldier.

Through the strenuous efforts of the W. C. T. U. and their associates, Congress some years ago dismissed the canteen. Now the army officers, General Fred B. Grant perhaps at the head, are working for the restoration of the canteen on the theory that soldiers will have their liquor; that they will get drunk, and that if the canteen is not permitted within the camp there will be long lines of low groggeries established just outside the camp where the soldiers will spend more money, drink worse liquors, and be sent on the downward slide with increased momentum.

This is the logic of expediency everywhere; it is the logic that has led European armies to legitimatize places of prostitution and gaming dens in connection with military camps.

If the alternative which confronts the military camps of the United States today is between the canteen and this something worse described by the officers and testified to by some of their chaplains, of course the question is not debatable. But we deny the grim alternative. The debatable thing for an intelligent, temperance-loving government is the canteen or something better, not something worse. That "something better" is the assumption that the military can and must be made as law-abiding and temperate as the same number of men would be in civic life. Sobriety and not inebriety must become the ideal of the camp. If the morality of the soldiers, wards of the government, is menaced by these places of debauchery "just outside the gates," then it is competent for local, state and national government to provide for their protection as they provide for the protection of schools and colleges. Even in the city of Chicago with its several thousand saloons, no saloon is permitted within a certain distance of any public school.

The trouble is that these army officers and the friends of the army assume that the morals of the soldier must necessarily be lower than that of the citizen, and this assumption is warranted by the practice of the officers and the expectation of the Department. Of course the discipline of the enlisted man in these directions cannot rise much higher than the practice of the commissioned officers. If wine, whiskey and beer are assumed to be necessities in the mess chests of the officers, the privates must have their fling. In civic life the storm center of the temperance agitation, aye, of total abstinence, has been shifted within the last generation from the church to the office, from women to the managers of men. Most railroad companies are now vast temperance societies. A drinking man is discounted and in some notable cases is peremptorily dismissed from duty, because railroad experts have found that the drinking of liquor in any form and quantity is a menace to the life and property entrusted to their care. The same logic, the same experience will demand an equally severe discipline at the hands of the war departments. If we are to have a standing army, there is every reason why that army should be composed of men held to highest standards of sobriety and morals; and where the controlling power within is inadequate the protection must come from regulating forces from without. The police discipline in our cities prohibits any drinking by a member of the force. The army is the national police service and the government will not have faced the temperance question until its discipline is as high with the rank and file of the army as it is now with the rank and file of the police force. When our drinking generals are disciplined, our drinking lieutenants discharged, our bibulous non-commissioned officers reduced to the rank, and when the drunkenness and attendant incorrigibility on the part of the private soldier is a sufficient cause for a dishonorable discharge, then this clamor for the re-establishment of the canteen on the part of the representatives and friends of the army, will be a confession of incompetency on the part of the officers or of the low standards of the war department and the moral inadequacy of our government. If the beer shop is a moral necessity in the camp of the American soldier we had better let our boasted Christianity hang its head in shame and go to school to the Japanese Pagans who have found the better way and whose soldiery live on a higher moral plane.

The canteen is but the first step in the right direction—better than something worse, but not nearly so good as that something better which the army of the United States should strive for. Let there be no reaction in this matter but let us go on triumphing on the lines that have left the canteen behind. If the soldier cannot live on as high a plane as the civilian, if he cannot be surrounded by the same safeguards to morality as are vouchsafed to him in civil life, it is another argument that the army is to be outgrown and left behind.

Ruskin's Little Wants.

Indeed, I rather want good wishes just now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said, nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorrettis, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Joshuas in the world into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000 sketches in Switzerland and Italy, elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who hasn't got one. I want to macadamize some new roads to Heaven with broken fools' heads; I want to hang up some knaves out of the way—not that I've any dislike for them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crow's meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet of minerals with new white wool; I want somebody to amuse me when I'm tired; I want Turner's pictures not to fade; I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go—and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them—they all go sideways plagiai (what a fellow that Aristophanes was—and yet to be always in the wrong in the main, except in his love for Æschylus and the country—did ever a worthy man do so much mischief on the face of the earth?). Farther, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, and Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest—and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for.
—*From a Letter to Charles Eliot Norton in the Atlantic.*

It is a very significant fact that all religions have had incarnations as their central thought. Hercules, Osiris, Buddha, Christ represent national attempts to express the thought of the manifestation of God through man. These enable us to see the larger truth of incarnation, the gradual expression of the character of God through humanity. We see that the idea of God in Christ is but a partial embodiment of a universal idea. To limit God to Christ is not permissible. To confine religion to Christianity is not reasonable.
—*Alex. Webster, in Humanized Religion.*

THE PULPIT.

Strafford: An Appeal From Tyranny to God.

SERMON PREACHED TO ALL SOULS CHURCH, IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, OCT. 15, 1905.

> Put not your trust
> In princes, neither in the sons of men,
> In whom is no salvation.—*Psalms* 146:3.
> —*Strafford Act V., Scene II.*

There is poetic fitness in the pathetic coincidence that finds me seeking a sermon in the drama of the greatest thought-poet of recent English literature on the day when all English-speaking people are mourning the death of the most intellectual of English actors. Forrest was a master of passion, Booth of pathos, but Sir Henry Irving could render with voice and gesture the finer shadings of thought. He quickened judgment, and reason, through him, spoke with authoritative force. Through him the heart and the conscience found themselves guided or driven, as the case may be, by judgment. He was an interpreter of mind. Had the theater-going public of England and America been less gross in their demands, more willing to be edified than to be amused, to be instructed than to be excited, Henry Irving would have found a dramatist to his purpose in Robert Browning, who in his youth wrote dramas so full of thought, so subtle in their analysis, so searching in their appeal, so dependent, if not on thought then on thoughtfulness, that the stage in his day and ours has in the main ignored them. It is a vain regret that Henry Irving, with that thoughtful brow and scrupulous accent, never set himself to the task of interpreting "Strafford," the great politician who worked so effectively and died so grandly on the wrong side of the great Puritan revolution. Furnival calls Strafford "a man knowing the better but choosing the worse;" a man who on his way to the block, in Browning's drama, looked back over a misguided life, saying,

> "Youth is the only time
> To think and to decide on a great course;
> Manhood with action follows, but 'tis dreary,
> To have to alter our whole life in age—
> The time past, the strength gone! As well die now."

The current number of the *Literary Digest* condenses an article from a Liverpool minister, Dr. Aked, on "Browning as the Preachers' Poet." He ventures the opinion that "preachers are almost the only people who know their Browning well." The preacher turns to Browning because "he portrays human nature on the side which looks towards God; he shows the unfolding and play of character."

This drama, "Strafford," is a play of Browning's boyhood. He was in the twenty-fifth year of his age when Macready, the actor, asked him to write him a play, and the young man dropped his "Sordello" for the purpose of writing a drama of English politics in which are portrayed the men and times that made England great. The struggle for freedom, the conflict of ideas, the painful contrasts between public duty and private preferences were subjects native to Browning's heart. To work out these problems was he born. But for the writing of this drama he had special preparation as well as constitutional aptitude.

A year before, Browning called on his friend, John Forster, who was under contract to write a series of "Biographies of Eminent British Statesmen," and found him ill and anxious. His health had given way, his contract to deliver the life of Strafford at a certain date was unfulfilled, and of course the money in payment for the same, needed by a sick man, was not forthcoming. The material was gathered, the work scarcely begun, when the young poet said, "Don't trouble about it; I will take your papers and do it for you." And so for love's sake the healthy youth helped out his sick friend; in due time the book appeared with Forster's name on the title page, and Robert Browning's part in this work was known only to a few friends. It was a fraternal secret, a touch of brotherliness characteristic of the generous heart. After Browning's death, Furnival, the sleuth-hound of English literature, got on the scent and followed out the evidence, and in 1892 the London Browning Society published an edition of this Prose Life of Strafford with the necessary introductions and supplements, with the name of Robert Browning on the title page.

This book serves as an adequate introduction to the drama. It is an interesting literary study to discover the analogies not only of thought but of phrase, to catch the poet looking out at you from behind the thin mask of prose.

Strafford, like the other dramas of Browning, is a thought drama, but it is more full of dialogue and stage movement than most of the others. Macready, true to the original purpose, put the play promptly on the London stage but under unfavorable circumstances. The management was in financial distress, the necessary settings were not forthcoming, and for these reasons, after a five-night run, the play was taken off the stage, but not before it had made a profound impression upon those whose opinions weigh in such matters.

The actors in the drama, some seventeen in number, fall easily into two groups: King Charles and his retinue of cavaliers, with the Earl of Strafford, Thomas Wentworth, Lieutenant General of Ireland, as the leading spirit on the one hand, and the group of Presbyterians, those early Roundheads, who, in the interest of freedom and democracy, sent Charles and Wentworth, the "poor, gray, little old" Bishop Laud, as he is called in the drama, and many others to the block. At the head of these Puritans are the stalwarts, Pym, Hampden, Harry Vane, Fiennes and the others. The pathetic little Queen Henrietta and the stately Lucy Percy, the Countess of Carlisle, are the suffering women of the play. Each of these characters presents an interesting study, subtle revelations.

But with these character studies we cannot at present concern ourselves. The main issue, the central purpose of the drama, is clear. It is a struggle between private preferences and public duty. Shall a man stand by his friends through thick and thin, or shall he if need be sacrifice friend and family in the interest of country?

Thomas Wentworth, who, in due course of time, was made Earl of Strafford by the weak King Charles, was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, if indeed it was not a golden spoon. In his veins ran the proud blood of the Conquerors; his family tree was laden with earls, barons, dukes and duchesses, kings and queens innumerable; he inherited a princely fortune and an active brain; he was precocious in the university and early led a noble lady, the choice of his heart, to the altar. He loved the weak King Charles, and in the ardor of his youth swore fealty to him. To this oath he was true to the end of life, although he found long before the end that the King was unworthy of such fealty and incompetent to reciprocate. Over and over again he found him balking and interfering with

and frustrating his plans, and in the end consenting to his execution, although he had privately given his pledge that no harm should come to his person or his property.

As Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Wentworth ruled with a strong and relentless hand, holding that a subjected country had no rights which a king and his representatives might not over-rule. When affairs at home became unmanageable and the weak hand of the King could not control the uprising of the people under such splendid leadership as Pym, Hampden, young Harry Vane and their Presbyterian colleagues, Wentworth was sent for. He received his Earldom and tried to direct affairs in the interest of his friend, the King. According to the evidence brought out by the great trial, he advised transporting his Irish army to intimidate the free spirit in England and proceeded to plot to make "King Charles as absolute as any prince of the whole world," to use Strafford's own words. He was a sick man, but thought it was worth while to live and to have foes, "just for the bliss of crushing them." This towering ambition, this loyalty to his friends, this devotion to politics for the sake of what was in it to himself and to his friends made him indifferent to if not insensible of the self-sacrificing love of Lady Carlisle, whom he persisted in calling a child.

Over against this man who "sold his soul for a title," was set first and foremost his old friend, Pym, who loved him to the end; who never loved but one man, "nor did Jonathan love David more." Remembering the happy days of their childhood, for a while Pym hoped that England and the right would win back this ambitious nobleman, but never for a moment did he allow his personal friendship to cloud his judgment or to interfere with his loyalty to England and to the right. So Pym and Hampden and Harry Vane and others forced the issue, compelled the weak King to call his Parliament, and they dragged this courtier friend, this splendid soldier, this brilliant thinker and magnetic orator to trial. It was one of the great trials of the world, graphic glimpses of which we catch in and between the lines of Browning's drama. Strafford was impeached for having "procured power subversive of law"; for having declared that "the King's little finger was heavier than the loins of the law;" for having boasted that "the Irish was a conquered nation and that the King might do with them as he pleased;" for appropriating public funds to private uses, securing and maintaining a profitable monopoly of tobacco; for, to use a modern phrase, "cornering certain manufacturing interests in flax." He was accused of proposing the coining of base money and trying to revise the iniquitous levy of ship-money; of advising the hanging of good citizens by their heels, and much more to that effect.

For fifteen days the trial lasted. Representatives of three nations—Ireland, Scotland and England—looked on. Scaffolds eleven stages high were built in Whitehall, reaching nearly to the roof. In the upper galleries were the Commissioners of Scotland, the Lords of Ireland and the Commoners of England; in the center the Peers in their parliamentary robes; judges in scarlet sat on the wool-sacks. The King and his immediate family were provided for behind the screen, but in the intense moment of the trial the King tore the trellis off with his own hands and sat in open court.

Strafford was but a shadow of his former self—"a rag of mortality," he called himself, but his defense was skillful, technical, and, perhaps, according to the close construction of the law, justified. He accused them of reviving a moth-eaten law that had been lying in disuse for two hundred and more years in order to convict him, to which Pym, the Puritan, replied that the law had been in disuse for that long period of time because no man had been guilty of a crime sufficiently atrocious to demand the use of it. Strafford stood for the King; Pym stood for England, and, still better, stood for God. His appeal was not to statute or precedent, not to power or popularity, all of which served well the purpose of tyranny in England three hundred and fifty years ago; his appeal was to God, the God of Justice, of Right. In this appeal he escaped from the distractions and complexities of the politician and found the freedom, the poise, and the peace of the statesman. Were friends in the way? They must step aside. Did danger menace, did the expediencies argue delay and hesitation? They counted naught. Now was the time for his vote; here was the place for his protest. He must count one in the army of the Lord and the result must be with eternity.

Strafford on his way to his execution encountered Pym and by him he saw England's white face, plagued by Pym's standard. He foresaw a fire that "satiated hell," and England becoming a "green and putrefying charnel." To his eyes the England Pym wanted was the England with "a darkened brow, an over-serious look," where children—"and some of us have children," said the old man on his way to his death—"can never properly be young." The England that would "scare kind natures from her cause;" the grim England that would sit down with Pym at the board-head with her heart half eaten away.

But even this grim picture did not confuse or confound the statesman who stood with his feet solid upon the eternal rock of duty. Says Pym:

> "If England shall declare such will to me—still,
> England,—I am thine own; Dost thou exact
> That service? I obey thee to the end."

Strafford went to his doom unfreed from the toils of the expedient, from the paralysis of the luxurious, from the logic of the successful, saying: "O God, I shall die first! I shall die first!"

Pym was true to country and sacrificed his friends; Strafford tried to be true to his friends and sacrificed his country. Which is better? Let history answer.

Pym said to Wentworth:

> "I care not much
> For titles: our friend Eliot died no lord,
> Hampden's no lord, and Saville is a lord;
> But you care, since you sold your soul for one."

Pym's heart was loyal to the man he helped crush. The young heart of Browning thrilled early with that courage that dares hope for restoration and restitution even to the man who goes wrong. He who was later stung by a deep disappointment in Wordsworth's political reaction and wrote the bitter sentences of "The Lost Leader," closed that denunciation with the vision that over there this disappointing leader would wait for him among the poets, "the first at the throne." So Pym thought of Wentworth. Though the face in time was enwrapped in blood, heaven was made attractive with the thought that once more he would walk with Wentworth, the friend of his youth, "purged from all error and gloriously renewed."

How splendidly does the poet interpret the heart of the statesman who can step on a friend when that friend is in the way of liberty, aye, crowd him to the death for truth's sake and goodness' sake, and still in his heart of hearts hold him in tender love and lasting fealty.

As Strafford opens the door on his way to the block, Pym, Hampden and Vane confront him, and Pym breaks out in one of the splendid speeches of the drama:

"Have I done well? Speak, England! Whose sole sake
I still have laboured for, with disregard
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made
Barren, my manhood waste, to offer up
Her sacrifice—this friend, this Wentworth here—
Who walked in youth with me, loved me, it may be,
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,
I hunted by all means (trusting that she
Would sanctify all means) even to the block
Which waits for him. And, saying this, I feel
No bitterer pang than first I felt, the hour
I swore that Wentworth might leave us, but I
Would never leave him: I do leave him now.
I render up my charge (be witness, God!)
To England who imposed it. I have done
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be,
With ill effects—for I am weak, a man;
Still, I have done my best, my human best,
Not faltering for a moment. It is done.
And this said, if I say . . . yes, I will say
I never loved but one man—David not
More Jonathan! Even thus I love him now;
And look for my chief portion in that world
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,—
(Soon it may be, and, certes, will be soon:
My mission over, I shall not live long),—
Ay, here I know I talk—I dare and must,
Of England and her great reward, as all
I look for there; but in my inmost heart,
Believe, I think of stealing quite away
To walk once more with Wentworth—my youth's friend
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,
And Eliot shall not blame us. Then indeed . . .
This is no meeting, Wentworth! Tears increase
Too hot. A thin mist—is it blood?—enwraps
The face I loved once. Then, the meeting be!"

It is interesting to note also that Browning in his youth laid firm hold of that principle which it was his pleasure and power to work out in all his later years—the complexity of the human soul—the possibility of a good man going wrong; the worker of bad deeds being swayed by worthy emotions and high principles; the faith that no waywardness, no wickedness, however damnable in its nature or in its results, could utterly obliterate the primal nobility, the deathless sanity and sanctity that belong to the human soul. And these deathless elements abide in proportion as the soul is strong; they belong to competency; they run hand in hand with efficiency.

Strafford, in response to this high faith of Pym, who at last entrusts the King himself to this Crusher of Kings—England and his children he knew were safer in the hands of the statesman than of the politician. He was too wise not to know that they who will smite the wrong may be trusted to protect the weak and sustain the erring:

"I have loved England too; we'll meet, then, Pym.
As well die now. Youth is the only time
To think and to decide on a great course;
Manhood with action follows; but 'tis dreary,
To have to alter our whole life in age—
The time past, the strength gone! As well die now.
When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right, not now!
Best die. Then if there's any fault, fault too
Dies, smothered up. Poor grey old little Laud
May dream his dream out, of a perfect Church,
In some blind corner. And there's no one left.
I trust the King now wholly to you, Pym!
* * * * * * * *
Pym, you help England!"

Strafford waited three centuries and more for a poet who would recognize in this wicked man lovely traits, such as have helped to make English life lovable.

The fifth act of this play relieves the grim terror of the tower with the lovely picture of the doomed man's little children crooning sweetly a lovely Venetian boat song, and the father has to discover in the innocent prattle of his children rebuke for his mad loyalty to a wicked king. Little Willie loves a song that comes from Venice because "it is a city without a king," and little Anne wants the quiet old house in Ireland where the weary father may sleep. Lady Carlisle, with the inventiveness of love, has perfected a woman's plot for the escape of the doomed man; she has arranged an escape, and the King, who has signed the death warrant, would fain help along the project. But he who had outraged the rights of the common people, violated the law of the land, debauched public office, would not bequeath a stain to his children by escaping. He says:

"I will die.
They call me proud; but England had no right,
When she encountered me—her strength to mine—
To find the chosen foe a craven. Girl,
I fought her to the utterance. I fell,
I am hers now, and I will die."

But I cannot further stay with Browning, albeit the drama is so full of exquisite touches, delicate and awful revealments. I cannot hold Strafford at arm's length. The sermon which Browning preached in this drama of Strafford is imminent, imperative; it is in the present tense. The United States, Illinois and Chicago are today cursed with large-headed, efficient, subtle, attractive and lovable Straffords. The floors of the United States Senate ring today with the feet of men who are there by intrigue, who have bought their places with money or with favor; who have traded in the ambitions, the prejudices and the cupidity of friends and henchmen. The story of Strafford is being written again in bold head-lines in our daily papers.

What has been going on in the state of Illinois these last weeks? What means this barter in federal favors, this bargaining with senatorial aspirants, this attempt to persuade the President of the United States and the Governor of Illinois to use their patronage (a smooth word for a damnable practice) to exploit this candidate and that, with supreme indifference to the will of the people, in open defiance to such methods as will give the people free expression of their choice! The world is ready to applaud President Roosevelt in his role as peace-maker with war-like foreign powers, but if America had a Browning left he would write a drama that would give greater praise to Roosevelt for his manly rebuke to a trading senator, by his refusal to pass over a high office of trust to a man, however worthy, in order that thereby he may be gotten out of the way of a Strafford with senatorial ambitions. And the man in Illinois who in obedience to his own personal political ambitions will ask the Governor of the state to buy and sell his appointments and manipulate his appointees to his own or another's political preferment, is a traitor to his country. He stands impeached in the light of history, is a Strafford waiting only for a Pym, a Hampden and a Harry Vane to tear off the silken mask that goes with public officials and wily candidates, to reveal them in all their hideousness. And the governor who yields to such importunities for his own or other's personal advancement, is guilty of a crime for which Strafford lost his head in England three hundred and fifty years ago.

Let me bring the sermon of Strafford nearer home. The problems of politics are complex; the problems of statesmanship are simple. There are many wires to pull by the selfish; for such it is a long way to go around in order to get there. But the prophet and the patriot, the sage and the saint, the statesman and the savior of men, know but one way to the solution of every difficulty, and that is the shortest way there, the straight line of duty and the right.

What would the prophet and the philosopher say

to all this confusion concerning the transportation problem of Chicago today? From the standpoint of Strafford, the streets of Chicago have proved a gold mine to the lucky investors. The fortune that awaited the investors came through the signal growth of Chicago, the geographic and historic significance of the situation. Long ago the unsuspecting or the depraved gave to private investors a chance to turn to personal advantage a great public necessity. Because individuals have been allowed to make money off the public in the past, sagacious Straffords are still greedy to continue this speculative advantage. The honeyed promises in lieu of twenty years more of privileges are born, not out of patriotism, not out of love of the city, they seek not to promote its interests, but to further fill private pocketbooks. The people of Chicago have expressed in no uncertain terms their desire to control and eventually to own their means of street transportation. This position is justified by the highest academic reasoning and by practical experience, so far as such experiments have gone.

For Pym-like statesmen there is but one thing to do for Chicago today in this matter and that is to carry out as soon as possible and as directly as possible the expressed wishes of the people. From the standpoint of Strafford the thing to do is to delay, entangle, embarrass, harass the public and public officials until they are nagged once more into further concessions to private speculation and personal investment.

Will Pym surrender to Strafford in Chicago on the score that the need is urgent and the complication hopeless? Will Strafford succeed in defying the people's judgment and persist in the belief, which Strafford always honestly holds—that the people do not know their own interests, that they cannot be trusted with their own affairs? The Straffords of Chicago believe that the aristocracy of selfishness is safer than the democracy of public spirit. The logic of expediency is always conclusive at short range; there are plenty of incidents to justify the pessimistic standard. But the Pym statesmen believe that the people have a right even to make fools of themselves if they so elect, for in exercising this divine right to blunder they educate themselves into the competency of wise self-government.

What ought we to do about it? Hang on to the straps if need be for twenty long suffering years more. Patiently endure the inconveniences until selfish capital is persuaded that there is no speculative value in the streets of Chicago, nothing but the minimum rate of interest that is warranted to a sure investment. When this fact is established beyond all doubt, capital will sue for that adjustment by the long processes of the court or the short processes of arbitration that will give private corporation its equity and the people their liberty.

But "Lo: the incompetency and the corruption of public service!" This is the old cry of Strafford, coming from Strafford-like men who have themselves debauched city politics through these many years and whose logic will keep city politics forever corrupt. Only solemn responsibilities and great trusts will develop the efficiency to control them. Chicago politics today needs to be purged of its King Charleses, its Wentworths and its cavalier conceits. It needs stalwart pro*test*ants—Pyms, Hampdens and Harry Vanes—to fall back on the primal demands of justice; to appeal from the entanglements of the selfish to the courts of God.

When Strafford found himself in the tower the "place was full of ghosts" to him. Eliot, the great Commoner, who but a few years before had died within these walls, was "all about the place with his most uncomplaining brow."

On the eve of the trial Pym said to the King:

> "Eliot laid his hand
> Wasted and white, upon my forehead once.
> * * * * * * *
> How can I breathe and not wish England well?"

Strafford in the entanglements of his own tricks was compelled to confess, "Eliot would have controlled it otherwise." In the most devilish moment of Strafford, he confessed that his last hope was that he might win the sunshine sometime where he would have to "think of Eliot no more."

In the early part of the play the patriots felt the sanctity of the humble room "where Eliot's brow grew broad with noble thoughts," and when the noblest spirit of England was invoked it was with the thought of "the Lion Eliot, the grand Englishman!"

Have we within the narrow circle and short history of Chicago no great statesman, no noble citizen, no self-denying leaders with names to conjure by, no Eliots who trusted ideas, who preferred defeat in the right to success in the wrong, who could not be intimidated by inconveniences or balked by poverty? If there be such a name in Chicago history, let it be invoked in this time, in these days when again the main issues of municipal integrity and civic righteousness are being confused and confounded by the clamor and the clatter of the accomplished Straffords and gracious men who are engaged in the graceless task of retarding progress, defying public spirit and discounting the place of conscience in public affairs.

It is a far cry from King Charles to President Roosevelt; from the London of the sixteenth century to the Chicago of the twentieth century; but the conditions of civic service, of public duty, of political liberty are exactly the same, and Browning's drama of Strafford, when rightly studied and properly apprehended, is a splendid contribution to the solution of the traction question in Chicago, the administration of state and national politics. For soon or late, we with Strafford will have to exclaim in the words of the Psalm-singing Israelite:

> "Put not your trust
> In princes, neither in the sons of men,
> In whom is no salvation!"

A Band of Bluebirds.

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
Brave prophets of the spring,
Amid the tall and tufted cane,
How blithesomely you sing!
What message haunts your music
'Mid autumn's dusky reign?
You tell us Nature stores her seeds
To give them back in grain!

Your throats are gleeful fountains,
Through which a song-tide flows;
Your voices greet us in the woods,
On every wind that blows!
I dream that Heaven invites you
To bid the earth "good by;"
For in your wings you seem to hold
A portion of the sky!

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
You could not long remain
To flit across the fading fields
And glorify the grain. . . .
You leave melodious memories
Whose sweetness thrills us through;
Oh, if my song were such as yours
They'd almost touch the Blue!

—*William H. Hayne.*

If we did indeed love our enemies, if even now we began to love our enemies, * * * we would have no enemy.—*Leo Tolstoi, in "Bethink Yourselves."*

Hugh Black, of Scotland.

The American churches and people are certainly to be congratulated on the foundation of the new graduate chair in the department of homiletics in Union Theological Seminary, New York. There could be no more valuable addition to the theological curriculum of any church at the present day. We in Scotland may be pardoned if we are inclined to envy America the possession of so enlightened and public-spirited a citizen as Mr. Morris K. Jesup, the founder of the chair. His gift shows a true discernment of the chief defect in the training of the modern ministry. There is too little done to develop in them the ability to bring the forces of scholarship and spiritual earnestness to bear on the life of the community.

But, while we may envy America the acquisition of such a gift, we cannot but feel gratified that the man chosen to inaugurate the work of this chair should be a Scotsman. The choice could not have fallen on a more suitable and efficient man than Rev. Hugh Black, M. A., of St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh.

Mr. Black is thoroughly versed in modern thought and familiar with the methods and results of modern criticism. He sees them in their true proportions, both in relation to the Bible itself and the thought of the age. A constant student of literature and one of the most widely read men of his years, he is in the best sense a man of the world. With all this Mr. Black is full of the fervor and force of real spiritual life.

Perhaps the characteristic that has rendered Mr. Black most famous is his native gift of communicating his message to the multitude, and of conveying to all sorts and conditions of men the fruits of his reading and observation of life. He has the power of interpreting men and women to themselves, of bringing home truths which were familiar, but quite formal and dead to them, and of making clear and quickening to their minds the ideals they had been groping after in a confused and half-conscious way. He is an orator of passion and of force, as the vast audiences he thrills can testify; but he is always pointed, clear, incisive.

Mr. Black was born thirty-seven years ago in Rothesay, situated beautifully on the Firth of Clyde. He studied arts where he graduated, at the University of Glasgow, and theology at the Free (now United Free) Church College of that city. Of late years one has been inclined to think that more of the foremost preachers among the younger men of our Church have come from the Glasgow than from the Edinburgh college. The reason may be found in the different temperaments and atmospheres of the two places. The Edinburgh men cared more for scholarship than for the study of human nature. The Glasgow men, though by no means less scholarly, lived in the midst of a large and stirring commercial city, by whose keen and varied life they were interested and influenced. Hugh Black's college days were not distinguished by the more pre-eminent academic successes, but throughout them all he was a keen and shrewd student of books, men and affairs.

He began his ministry as assistant to Dr. Ross Taylor of Kelvinside Church, Glasgow. Thence, after but a month or two, he was called to form a new congregation at Sherwood, in the town of Paisley. It was there that he at once achieved a foremost position among Scottish preachers, when little more than a youth. As a consequence, when still under thirty years of age he was called to be colleague to Dr. Alexander Whyte of St. George's Free (now United Free) Church, Edinburgh. The pulpit of Candish and Alexander Whyte has been for over sixty years the most distinguished of any in Scotland for spiritual force and fervor, and for intellectual power. No other pulpit has had such an unbroken hold on the people, or such an influence for good on our national life. It was to such a position that Hugh Black was called at so early an age.

For ten years he has maintained the high traditions of St. George's. While there are other preachers who appeal more directly to special classes of the community, such as students or working men, there is no one, except his venerable colleague Dr. Whyte, who has such a hold on the people at large as Hugh Black. It is a unique and impressive sight to see the great church crowded to overflowing with people of all classes of society, interested, awed, thrilled by the young man of ascetic aspect but dominating presence, whose bell-like voice proclaims to them the Word of God.

Mr. Black's writings are probably more widely read in America than even in his own country. One misses in them the passion of his spoken utterances. But the same clear thinking, evidence of wide reading, and the same cultured and persuasive power are there. All his books have been published since he came to Edinburgh. The essay on Friendship was his first. Since then he has given to the public a series, all more or less bearing on the one topic of how to make the most of personality and life, from a Christian point of view. The first and the most fundamental was Culture and Restraint, wherein the two moral ideals of self-development and self-denial were contrasted and reconciled in the ideal of service. This was followed naturally by a book on Work, and thereafter by his latest publication, the Practice of Self-culture. All these books are fruits of Mr. Black's public work, appealing to a larger audience than can come within the sound of his voice, and meant to reach them through the channels of literary influence.—*Rev. Hunter Smith, of Edinburgh, in the Congregationalist and Christian World.*

A Rule on Rising in the Morning.

A rule of noble living practiced by the royal Antoninus was to consider what the day might bring forth and to be prepared for it. He set before himself things of every sort that were likely to occur—and philosophy taught him to be able to match them according to what they were—with patience, forbearance and all virtues of the like nature.

That is a good rule. It takes a man to think out such a course of action and to be ready for every emergency. My idea is that it would need real trouble to make it go, and no doubt a number of failures. We do not learn without missing the mark even in the use of the bow and arrow; how then can we expect other than the like thing in the weightier matters of character and conduct?

We must not be too squeamish about meeting the rough-and-tumble of life. There is a strenuous side where we strive. And we must not bother over the yesterdays when today is before us and waiting for the show of what we have learned from our past. It is well to fortify our minds with the preparation that disappointment may come and things vexing and perplexing. That should give us courage to meet the fray and to come off victorious.

Now the rule I have in mind would work with this like two often side by side. The rule is to awaken

with the same delight as one went to rest,—to take the awakening as a boon, as a satisfying joy. It is to fill the heart with thankfulness and assurance of blessing being right there where we are. We have it—we do not have to seek it. It is with us and ours for the proper use of it.

We must get this well settled in our hearts and that will move every experience to joy and turn it to sweet music and gladness. But there is to be no if-and-perhaps about it. It must be real and we must insist on it with all the force of true conviction.

And we have the teaching of nature that this is the right attitude in the glory of the sunrise. How beautiful is that daily miracle of the splendor bursting on the world as the sun renews his journey over the blue spaces of our sky. He ever beams gladsomely and breaks through the clouds if he may—and it is the like glory as we see at the finish—and it means delight in his task and assurance that he is equal to every requirement of it. Just that should possess us and make us masters of the situation.

This is what we are to do as men. We can talk the other way and many foolishly do so—but the real way is to talk strength, courage, opportunity. It is our chance to show new resources of daring and skill of behavior—and we are to hold ourselves to the mark of the accomplishment of our ideal.

This makes life a progressive benefit in the passing of the days. We try one day, and we try the next, and keep trying as a singer cultivates her voice until the range she is after is won. It is all in us but we must demonstrate its existence by letting it come to flower.

Thoroughness is one of the qualities that a true college training gives. You wish to learn a language—then you must set about it with the right method. You lay out your course. You learn the grammar and truly learn it. Then you do systematic reading—and if a modern language, you put it to use in conversation and writing. It is trouble, much trouble, but it achieves—and the power of utterance is very much enlarged. It is so in speaking this new tongue of success and gladness, of charity and courage. You learn it from its alphabet to its history and poetry—and its common application to life. And there is this about it—we come down to reality, to truth—and as this belongs to God, it is far finer than fancies of our own, whatever they are. Quite often we are unwilling to surrender our idols. We were taught to worship them, and we hold to our superstition of this sort and that, when truth is as much better as the sun is better than candlelight.

I must be willing to have God's truth as mine as I rise from my bed. And it is a good thing to speak to the Love of the universe, my love, and say how glad I am to be in its presence. And it makes a difference to us when we feel we have the friend at our side—or better yet, the Father. We are not left alone in all this. It is part of the divine for us to go through what awaits us, and we are to do it with the happiness the sun shows in his first salutation of the skies.

People say they would like to know what tomorrow is to bring forth. They wish they could see the future for a year, and they wish they could be protected against poverty and sickness in some exceptional way. Today is large enough for the Christ. "Give us this day our daily bread." And with each day will be the same Almightiness of Love—so we are safe—if we are thankful and do our duty as it comes to us in the right spirit.

I know there are other days, a golden number of them like the stars—but one by one they are mine, and I must value them as they are sent and live in their love and joy with the spirit of a brave man and thankful.

When the mists hang low the sun goes to work to disperse them, and how suddenly they lift when he gets his beams fairly upon them. It is the same in the case of a man with the fog of his doubts and fears—the sun of love shines upon them and they lift and vanish away, and he is a child of light living in God's new day. And the new spirit of gladness will carry one triumphantly through it—as a strong breeze drives the ship over the ocean, as a strong engine carries the train over the stretching lines to its journey's end. Be of this mind and every day of this mind of trust and hope and cheer! WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Danger of Narrowness.

The danger of the time lies in a narrow view of life; runs the gravest risk. It is a mistake to suppose that we must narrow our lives to be good. All things considered, the best life is the broadest life. We must draw from many sources. The Bible will always hold its own as a spiritual classic, but there are many books beside the Bible that contain nutriment and inspiration, and amongst the choicest are the noble biographies in which the age is particularly rich.

By reading the choicest self-revelations we come to realize that the great and mighty are akin to the very humblest; they are burdened with the same problems, and solve them pretty much in the same way. It is a real revelation to learn that such a man as Huxley or Tennyson was halted by precisely the same doubt that halts us. It binds us to the great and wise when we realize that the simple faith which we instinctively put forth in the presence of mystery is not a new discovery but old and common to all mankind. The reading of noble biographies is a mighty inspiration to the highest living.

Another great source of inspiration is the serious study of history. We grow just a little tired reading of how the world came to be, viewed from the standpoint of material science. But we seem to come to our own in the splendid works of Grote and Momsen. We realize in reading the record through the eyes of the sympathetic historian the majestic movement of a divine providence. It is all related to a law of rational conduct.

The true cure for sectarian narrowness is to read the history of Greece and Rome. The Bible, as a unique book, must be frankly given up. It is inspiring and divine as far as it goes, but it does not cover the whole field. History in the large sense is the record of the race-soul in its search after truth, and some high form of faith in the amazing power which brought us hither and which sustains us. Still another source of inspiration is to realize that this life is unfinished, and that there is work enough for us till the end. *J. T. Hodgins.*

He who commits an unjust deed that he may gain some measure of glory, or preserve the little glory he has, does but admit that what he desires or what he possesses is beyond his deserving, and that the part he has sought to play exceeds his powers of loyal fulfillment. And if, notwithstanding all, he persists in his endeavor, his life will be soon beset by falsehoods, errors, and phantoms.—*Maurice Maeterlinck, in the Buried Temple.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

NOTES.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I get "The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians," by Georg Steindorff. This is the fifth volume of "American Lectures on the History of Religion," every one of which is absolutely invaluable to the student, and to any person who wishes to be informed on comparative religion. From this house comes also a volume of poems, entitled "America to England," by our friend Minot J. Savage. These poems, while by no means ranking with Whittier and Lowell, are yet exceedingly readable, and often rich with thought as well as sentiment. I think the best in the collection are those which discourse on the very simplest topics.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have received "Love Alone Is Lord," by F. Frankfort Moore. This story has Lord Byron for a topic, and relates his early devotion to his cousin, Mary Chaworth. It is a good historical novel. The time and the personages are not of the highest order, from a moral standpoint. The book, however, is very far from being impure—to the pure. From the same house I get another novel by Myrtle Reed, "At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern." I began this book with a feeling that the pages were dull. It certainly is not dull. It is full of rather quaint but sometimes rather slangy sentiment. At any rate it does not run to sentimentality. Before you get through the book you will say it is a rare good story. Get it.

From the same house comes the next volume in "The Theological Translation Library." This is volume twenty, and is Harnack's "History of the Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries." It is the one book covering this period that should go into the family library.

From the University of Chicago Press I am in receipt of two volumes of peculiar worth. I opened one of them, "The Lectures on Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience," by Pres. Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, with some prejudice, but on the whole I must say that the book is a great book. It has marked weakness, and sometimes there are graceful leaps from logic to assumption. Occasionally a page or a paragraph is of that pulpit style which undertakes to carry people off their logical feet by a succession of beautiful passages, tossed off with dashing boldness. Turn to page 160, and you will see a good example of this effort to work people up to the acceptance of doctrines hid under pathos and sentiment. On page 201 we have an instance of a false or mistaken handling of an opponent's views. In this case reincarnation gets the common interpretation. In reality reincarnation is a Christian doctrine. All of us hold that souls are born again to a second life. The Hindu sends some back into this life, or a similar life, while the Christian sends them all, pell-mell, either into Heaven or into Hell—not without bodies, however. Yet, on the whole, Dr. Hall did a manly piece of work in these Lectures to the Hindus, and for the most part a generous piece of work. His defense of Christianity is not the work of a bigot, but of a man. On page 69 there is a definition of Christianity that I think is hardly surpassed in Christian literature. We certainly are gaining wonderfully if our orthodox workers can stand by such language as this book contains. Page 212 might have been written by Theodore Parker, word for word. Dr. Hall says, "Instead of bald ignorance of the path pursued by all the world's seekers after God, except those of our own household; in place of the daring dogmatism that denounces as false and unprofitable the attempt of generations of sages to construct a philosophy of life, there is deepening every day in the East and in the West the desire to understand the fruits of our brother's thinking and the grounds of his faith."

The other book from this press is "Russia and Its Crisis," by Paul Milyoukof. This is one of the ablest and best books on Russia ever published. He has great faith in Russia. The volume is well furnished with maps, which illustrate the chapters or lectures. He holds that the law of Russian history is progress; and he tries to demonstrate that political reform is certain to come about.

E. P. POWELL.

A Distinguished Brahman Visitor to America.

Editor of UNITY:

India is a large country, containing a very large population, and a great variety of races and religions. It no more describes a man or his religion to say that he comes from India than to say that he comes from Europe. Some of India's religions are as superstitious as perhaps any in the world. Some are highly enlightened, ethical and spiritual. First in importance among the latter is Brahmoism, or the religion of the Brahmo Somaj. This religious faith, though Hindu in its origin, is closely related in its thought and its ideals to Unitarianism; indeed we may very well say that it is to India what Unitarianism is to the United States or England. The most distinguished representative of this faith that ever visited America was Mr. Mozoomdar, who made so strong and so favorable an impression at the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, and who during his three different visits to this country, spoke with very great acceptance in many places. Mr. B. B. Nagarkar also, who attended the Parliament and who lectured somewhat extensively after it was over, was a representative of the Brahmo Somaj.

I write this letter for the purpose of giving to the readers of UNITY what I think to many will be the welcome information that there is on his way to America (he may reach here by the time this is in print) another distinguished representative of the Brahmo faith, who will spend three months or so in this country studying religious and educational conditions and methods, and who ought to receive a warm welcome among us and be heard in many of our churches, clubs and institutions of learning. I refer to Professor Noyondra Nath Sen, of the Presidency College, Calcutta, an intimate friend of Mr. Mozoomdar, a near relative of the great Brahmo leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, and himself a well known educator and writer and one of the most active and influential of the present leaders of the Brahmo Somaj movement in Calcutta.

Professor Sen represented India at the recent meeting of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers in Geneva, Switzerland, and read a paper there on "The Problem of Religion in Modern India." From Geneva he went to London for a few days. After his visit to America he will return to England for a more extended stay. So far as I have been informed of his plan for this country it is to spend a short time at the Theological School, Meadville, Pa., as the guest of President Southworth, and then visit the more important of our large cities.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Toronto, Canada, Sept. 21.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—"No blessing, no good, can follow in the path trodden by slavery."

MON.—"No day, no hour, comes but brings in its train work to be performed for some useful end."

TUES.—"Oh! how can any fold the hands to rest and say to the spirit, 'Take thine ease, for all is well!'"

WED.—"My work seems to me to be indicated by Providence and I cannot conscientiously turn away from attempting, as far as possible, to alleviate miseries wherever I find them."

THURS.—"I have no particular love for my species at large, but own to an exhaustless fund of compassion."

FRI.—The passion of doing for others had become absolute in her nature.

SAT.—One by one, she now took up the cause of the many asylums she had founded, laboring indefatigably toward their restoration and enlargement and toward infusing into the minds of new legislatures liberal and rational ideas on the whole subject of the treatment of insanity.

—*Life of Dorothea Dix, by Francis Tiffany.*

The Alpine Hunter.

"'Wilt thou not be lambkins heeding?
Innocent and gentle, they
Meekly on sweet herbs are feeding,
And beside the brook they play.'
'Mother, keep me not at home,
Let me as a hunter roam!'

"'Wilt thou not, thy herds assembling,
Lure with lively horn along?—
Sweet their clear bells tinkle trembling,
Sweet the echoing woods among!'
'Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe.'

"'Wilt thou nurture not the flowers,
Tend them like my own dear child?
Dark and drear the mountain lowers,
Wild is nature on the wild!'
'Leave the flowers in peace to blow.
Mother, mother, let me go!'

"Forth the hunter bounds unheeding,
On his hardy footsteps press;
Hot and eager, blindly speeding
To the mountain's last recess.
Swift before him, as the wind,
Panting, trembling, flies the hind.

"Up the ribbèd crag-tops driven,
Up she clambers, steep on steep;
O'er the rocks asunder riven
Springs her dizzy, daring leap;
Still unwearied, with the bow
Of death, behind her flies the foe.

"On the peak that rudely, drearly
Jags the summit, bleak and hoar,
Where the rocks, descending sheerly,
Leave to flight no path before;
There she halts at last, to find
Chasms beneath—the foe behind!

"To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns her look of pleading woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow,—
Yawn'd the rock; from his abode
Th' Ancient of the mountain strode;

"And his godlike hand extending,
To protect her from the foe,
'Wherefore death and slaughter sending,
Bringst thou to my realm this woe?
Shall my herds before thee fall?
Room there is on earth for all!'"

—*Schiller, trans. by Bulwer Lytton.*

The Story Tellers' League.

The Story Tellers' League had its origin at the Summer School of the South, Knoxville, Tenn., July, 1903. From the more than two thousand teachers assembled there that summer, a few frequently met on the lawn of the University campus at evening twilight and told stories, drawn from various sources, but especially those used for educational purposes. The story telling was interspersed with an occasional song, and the frequent meetings became a medium of exchange of stories among the teachers and their method in using stories in education.

A permanent organization was effected before the close of the Summer School, and officers elected for one year. During the year a constitution and by-laws drawn up by W. B. Stark, principal of the High School, Jackson, Miss., was submitted to the governing board and adopted.—*Report of Richard T. Wyche, President.*

We give a few extracts from the constitution and by-laws which were accepted by the Governing Board.

ARTICLE I.

TITLE.

The official title of this association shall be "The American Story Tellers' League."

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

The objects of the association shall be:

1. To encourage the art of story telling, and the use of classic and folk-lore stories in schools, and other educational centers.

3. To foster creative work in the arranging and rewriting of stories from various classic and historic sources.

4. To serve as a medium of exchange of stories and experiences in the use of the story.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person may become a member of the League by sending the name and address with the annual fee to the Secretary and Treasurer of the League, or to the Vice-President of his state; or by joining a local league and paying to the proper officer the fee due the American League.

ARTICLE IV.

OFFICERS.

1. The general officers of the League shall be a President, a Secretary and Treasurer and an Editor.

BY-LAWS.

1. The annual membership fee of this association shall be 50 cents, to be paid to the Treasurer direct, or to the Vice-President of the state, or, if a member of a local league, then to the proper officer of such a league.

2. Subordinate, or local, leagues may be formed in any community in accordance with the regulations prescribed by the National League. Such local leagues when organized may adopt their own laws and rules of procedure, provided nothing shall be done which is repugnant to the constitution of the National League.

The Governing Board shall devise and prescribe rules for the organization of subordinate leagues.

3. The subordinate leagues shall be responsible to the American League for annual fees due the American League by local members.

4. The general officers shall make an annual report to the general meeting of the League.

5. No officer of the League shall draw a salary.

6. The fees collected from members shall be devoted exclusively to paying the expenses which the general officers and vice-presidents have incurred in the exercise of their duties.

A branch of the league is being organized in Chicago. A preliminary meeting was held at the Chicago Kindergarten College at 10 Van Buren street on Saturday morning, October 8th. There were about twenty present, all greatly interested in the revival of this great art, fallen so sadly since the advent of the multiplicity of books and newspapers.

A second meeting will be held at the same place on the first Saturday in November, at ten o'clock in the morning. This must not be a society of drones, and a requisite for membership is the willingness to tell stories. The fee is one dollar. Miss Elizabeth Harrison, whose power in telling stories is well known, will be a member of the league and a help to its members. It is hoped that many teachers and parents will take up this study and be present at the November meeting.

E. T. K.

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Apropos to the sermon on Browning's "Strafford" published in another column, it may interest some of our Chicago readers to know that Mr. Jones's class in Browning this year will begin the study of this drama on Friday morning at 10:30, October 27th. The class is open to all who may desire to join.

SOME ECHOES OF THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.—On Sunday, September 10, it was suggested that we go to hear the Rev. Frank Thomas at Victoria Hall. Mr. Thomas, like our own Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, is the organizer of a People's church. He holds a regular service in the large and handsome music and lecture hall erected and presented to the city by a former British consul whose wife was a godchild of Queen Victoria, whence its name. Here he attracts many who would not go to any of the churches. Some pastors complain that he also draws many who should and would be in the churches but for him. Unlike the founder of the Chicago People's church, Rev. Frank Thomas is extremely orthodox. He left the National church on account of its abandonment of any obligatory acceptance of a creed or confession of faith as condition of admission to its ministry, being unwilling to remain in a church which admitted liberals to its pulpits. The Sunday morning service is at 9:45 and though Victoria Hall, with its boxes and balconies, is large, one must go early to secure a choice of seats. It is interesting to see the people come in. Among them are several classes of boarding-school girls with their teachers. As the auditorium fills, women act as ushers to a certain extent and pass up and down the aisles distributing hymnbooks to all who wish. These have a substantial paper cover on which is printed an earnest request to sing and to leave the book at close of service on the great desk in the vestibule.

Presently Mr. Thomas enters and advances to the simple reading desk. He is a vigorous-looking man of middle age whose sun-burned hands and face suggest a student of nature rather than of books. His tan colored foot-gear seems hardly in keeping with his black attire, and some one suggests that he has apparently overlooked a notice conspicuously posted in the vestibule requesting people to dust their shoes before entering. But of course all this is a minor matter. He has been in America. He is familiar with our Y. M. C. A.'s, our Christian Endeavor movement, the schools at Northfield, etc., etc., and he has this in common with the American preacher that he is not afraid to treat topics of the day in his pulpit. Still as ten days had passed since the Liberal Congress we were not expecting any reference to that on this occasion. Great therefore was our surprise when, after some admirably selected readings from the Old and New Testaments illustrating the character and love of God, he launched into an impassioned discourse in which he reminded his hearers that he had preached the Sunday before on Satan and had bidden them beware of the teaching of those who denied the existence of evil. So now he warned them again against the teaching of the Unitarians. Sincere they were no doubt; but oh, so pitifully mistaken. For them there was only a dead level, for where there are no depths there can be no heights, and those who fail to recognize the dreadful abysses of sin and evil are, by sheer lack of contrast, incapable of appreciating the sublime altitudes of divine love and purity. Further on he appealed especially to the young people so conscious of the need of being loved, and pleaded with them to shun the chilling influences of Unitarianism, which had no love to offer that could satisfy their longing human hearts.

These and similar passages were but incidents in a discourse which in many respects was both beautiful and tender. What a pity he does not know us better! was one's first thought. Later one's whole soul rose in protest against this conception of a love that can only be won or at least can only be known by sinning. After all doubtless there is much of truth in Prof. James' conception of the "once born" and the "twice born," and these two will never quite understand one another. Mme. Hyacinthe Loyson was there nearly opposite us. One wondered what she thought for some of her husband's well known views came in, too, for their share of censure. It was curious to see that my orthodox friends were much more disturbed by this attack than I was. For days they kept recurring to it, lamenting, wondering and apologizing. Recognizing from all they had seen and heard that it was a sad misrepresentation of English and American Unitarianism, this sort of attack seemed to them a weighty argument in favor of Mr. Rey's and Prof. Albert Reville's contention that there is need for some clear and simple statement of the positive elements of the Unitarian faith.

By way of counterpoise after the service we strolled up the slope of Champel and traced out—as the Congressists did not—the route followed by that pitiful cortege centuries ago. The expiatory monument to the memory of Michael Servetus does not stand on the spot where he was burned. This, so far as can be determined, was farther up and on the brow of the hill, the regular place for public executions, then marked by the ever ready gibbet of the middle ages. It was with strange tightening at our hearts that we conjured up in the warm sunshine of this twentieth century September day the vision of that other dreadful day, and with the morning sermon still ringing in my ears, I could but cry: No, it was no man unconscious of the love of God who could meet a death like that!

As already mentioned in my report of the congress, the local press both religious and secular, gave generous space to its proceedings. It is several years since the liberals here ceased to have an organ of their own and *Le Protestant*, organ of the French liberals, gave such an utterly weak and colorless account of the congress proceedings that even an American must feel a certain sense of chagrin and mortification at its lack of enterprise. One can scarcely wonder that *La Semaine religieuse*, a strictly orthodox paper, which for three weeks devoted a very large proportion of its limited space to signed and detailed reports of our utterances, now comments on the situation as follows:

"*Le Protestant* of Paris is now, for French speaking countries, the only official or recognized, organ of the Unitarian school; in other words, of the adherents of liberal Christianity. In its issue of August 26 there was an announcement at the head of the first column that, as its editor was going to the congress at Geneva, the issues for September 2 and 9 would probably be combined. At the International Unitarian Congress the editorial force of the *Protestant* was represented not merely by the director of that paper, but by a whole pleiad of ministers wielding keen pens, whose signatures are to be seen on all occasions in the columns of the liberal organ. We therefore confidently expected that, in its issue for September 2 and 9 the *Protestant* would present a complete and, in a certain sense, authorized summary of the papers presented to the Congress, a résumé that might be compared with our own, which certain liberals had criticized as lacking in kindliness.

"Our expectation has not been realized. The belated issue appeared at the appointed time, but instead of being a double number, it was a single one. The anonymous writer who undertook to report the congress explains to us that is not a polyglot and that, besides, it would be doing injustice to the reports and addresses presented at Geneva to summarize them hastily with pen or pencil. He therefore refers the readers of the *Protestant* to the proceedings of the congress, which will appear some months hence and contents himself for the time being with some general impressions of the sessions and the festivities and the publication of the opening address of M. Chantre. Then this journal reproduces, in four solid columns the list of members of the congress, gentlemen and ladies, not forgetting any of the pretty little English girls for whom their families took cards of admission to gratify the treasurer of the committee of organization, but it does forget to recall, in this convention, the announcement constantly repeated in the notices and prospectus of the congress: 'This card does not imply adhesion to any dogmatic formula whatever nor to any particular church.'

"Protestant France—or that part of Protestant France which does not read large and learned works—is in danger of never knowing or knowing but imperfectly what theoretical ideas were advocated at the Congress of Geneva. But one thing of which it will not be unaware is the use which the liberal left proposes to make of the closing banquet of this assembly in the struggle it is now engaged in with the majority of the Evangelical Synod."

The orthodox editor then goes on to sharply criticize an article in the *Protestant* of September 16 for the use made of certain phrases in purely official addresses at the banquet. All this is but a painful illustration of the strained relations at present existing between the various groups in the French Protestant church. While it does not materially concern us, we can but regret that notwithstanding the spirit of broad and cordial fraternity prevailing at the Congress, different factions should now be finding in its utterances occasion for side thrusts and for rapping one another over the head. A better use might have been made of them by both sides.

Rev. J. E. Roberty is one of the French liberals who has not been silent since the Congress. In the columns of the *Journal de Genève,* and again in the *Signal* of the same city, he has published some pertinent reflections. Before quoting from his recent article in the *Signal* let me note that this small but very broad-minded weekly has also given us a generous hearing. In the issue of September 23, now before me, I find on two of its three pages of text extended articles bearing on the Congress. M. Roberty writes as follows:

"The third International Congress of Liberal Christianity was held, as you know, in Geneva from the 28th to the 30th of August last and brought together more than five hundred members from the four quarters of the globe.

"Its name, however, frightened away a certain number of individuals. Not the Roman Catholics (these were represented by the Abbé Houtin, of Paris), nor the liberal Catholics, nor the Israelites, but a certain number of our Protestant friends very much attached to the Calvinist theology, who thought that this Congress, organized by anti-trinitarians, might perhaps be wanting in due sympathy for the great Reformer.

"We have been told also that the very fact of having added a qualifying term to 'Christianity' kept away some. Yet the organizers of the Congress had taken care to announce in a footnote to their 'invitations' that participation in these meetings in no way implied enrollment in any church, sect or theology whatever. However that may be, this note was not enough to dispel all the prejudices and a large number of Genevans held aloof.

"Perhaps it must be added that the fear of getting out of a privileged social circle by associating with more emancipated minds played a certain part on this occasion. The more the laws of a country have an equalizing tendency, the more custom tries to minimize this tendency toward equality by drawing more closely together the members of any given group. It is no longer ideas that unite individuals—a very large number of Genevans absent from the Congress were long ago won over to religious liberalism—it is social usages, the more or less ancient origin of families, condition as to fortune, and more or less attractive manner of dispensing it. Hence, a special fear: the fear of compromising one's self, not by affirming such or such an opinion but by crossing for an instant the line of demarcation, by stepping over on some important occasion, other thresholds leading into unfrequented circles, etc. . . . Doubtless it is difficult to ally a fear of this sort with Christian feeling, which, in social matters, is primarily compounded of justice and generosity, but it is also not easy to attribute to any other cause the extreme difficulty experienced at Geneva in getting together fraternally in the same meeting place people, men and women, who do not belong to the same social group, or live in the same quarter, above all, strangely enough, when a *religious ideal,* eminently noble and fraternal, rules over the meeting."

I am told by persons whose social position is quite unimpeachable, and who did attend the Congress, that these reflections of M. Roberty are quite justified, and it is well that we should know it if we would understand the situation in Geneva.

Passing over some paragraphs of this interesting article, let me give some of M. Roberty's appreciations of the speakers. He says:

"We have recalled the significance of the term 'unitarian.' But some 'trinitarians,' like M. Hyacinthe Loyson, comprehending wonderfully well the liberal spirit of the Congress, had no fear of inscribing themselves as active members of it and we are indebted to the illustrious preacher for some moments in which his word, in no whit chilled by age, carried us to those heights of the Christianity of the Spirit where 'there shall be no more curse.'

* * *

"I admire also the respectful and intelligent way in which certain pure Unitarians, like Rev. Wendte and Rev. Barrows, have spoken of Calvin and of Calvinism. Whether at the Aula or before the monument of Servetus, the Unitarian conscience has not undervalued the immense service rendered by Calvin to the religious life. 'But we, however widely we may have departed from the dogmas and methods of the great reformer,' they have said to us, 'would ever speak with appreciation of that wondrous system of thought and powerful personality which, as one has said, 'put iron in the blood' of its own and succeeding generations. . . . Spiritual descendants of John Calvin, children of Huguenot, Presbyterian, Covenanter, Puritan and other reforming ancestors, we shall tread with peculiar reverence the streets associated with such heroic figures in the history of our religion.'

"Such utterances were well adapted to create a deep feeling of harmony among all members and attendants, because no one of them, 'orthodox' or not, could use the name of Calvin save as a matter of sentiment, all Calvinist Protestants today having repudiated, rightly or wrongly, the fundamental doctrines of the Reformer.

* * *

"I have explained elsewhere in what the liberal method applied to religion consists, a method practiced today, more or less rigorously, in all our theological faculties using the French language. It alone can successfully help our religious fraternity, while the method of authority which proclaims an infallible church or an infallible sacred book hinders this brotherhood, either by violating the individual conscience or by promoting the establishment of a multitude of rival sects analogous to the various socialist sects which mutually anathematize one another. Either we must declare that religious fraternity with legitimate diversity of belief is a snare and a condemnable ideal—in which case the gospel is doomed to final bankruptcy—or we must recognize that this fraternity with liberty deserves to be striven for with all our might, in which case Unitarian congresses—and especially those of Geneva—are admirable and salutary institutions.

"Whether these congresses deserve such epithets as 'pelagian,' 'rationalist,' 'mystic,' matters little. They are above all stimulators of piety, sincerity and fraternal agreement; that is reason enough why we should like them and, if possible, make others like them also.

"Let us not then be so fastidious at a time when the religious sentiment is passing through so formidable a crisis, and when we have need of all good and upright wills to reanimate it and replace it at the heart of our individual and social life."

M. E. H.

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